He had slipped, striking his head violently on the pavement.
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THE CHILD

A HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SCENES IN THE INDIAN COUNTRY," &c., &c.

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THE CHILD

A HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

"For the child shall die a hundred years old: but the sinner being a hundred years old shall be accursed." Isa. lxv. 20.

Some have supposed that the meaning of this is, that when the time shall come that "the Lord is exalted, and he hath filled Zion with judgment and righteousness; and wisdom and knowledge shall become the stability of the times, and strength of salvation," that then human life may be lengthened again to what it was before the flood, and there shall be people as old as Enos, and Cainan, and Jared, and Me-

thuselah, and Noah; and they suppose that then those promises shall be realized which were once made to the Israelites, that if they would keep the commandments of the Lord, then "their days would be prolonged in the land," their days and the days of their children should be multiplied. Deut. xi. 8, 9, 18–21.

The latter part of the 65th chap. of Isa. speaks of the blessedness to be enjoyed when that period commonly called the Millennium shall come; and one feature of those times is specified in the 20th verse. You may be interested in knowing how this verse has been understood by some of the best Bible scholars. One says, "The approaching happy condition of the church is next described, under a variety of images, many of which have not before

been met with. Longevity is here promised, and premature death seems excluded from this state. Insomuch, that he shall be thought to die in his youth who dies at the age of a hundred years; whilst the sinner, who lives to a hundred years of age, shall at last die accursed; or, he that shall die at the age of a hundred years shall be considered as dying in his youth, as a punishment for his sins. The event alone can certainly determine whether this is meant literally or figuratively; but it is evident that universal prevalence of real christianity would so terminate wars, murders, contentions, idleness, intemperance, and licentiousness, (in fine, all disobedience to God's natural laws of every kind,) as greatly to lengthen out the general term of man's life."

Another says, "What God may fur-

ther intend in this matter we cannot determine. The prophet describes this renovation of the world as a paradisaical state, and such as the patriarchs enjoyed before the flood, when men commonly lived near a thousand years. So that he that died at a hundred years of age would have been looked upon as dying in his childhood; and be judged to have been cut off in the beginning of his years, as a punishment for some great sins."

Still another remarks, "Untimely deaths shall be no more known as they have been, and by this means there shall be no more the voice of crying. (1) Believers through Christ shall be satisfied with life, though it be ever so short. If an infant die quickly, yet it shall not be reckoned to die untimely, for the shorter its life is, the longer

will its rest be ; though infants die, yet, dying in the arms of Christ, and belonging to his kingdom, they are not to be called infants of days ; but even the child shall be reckoned to die at a hundred years old, for he shall rise again at full age—shall rise to eternal life. Some understand it of children who are so eminent for wisdom and grace, that though they die in their childhood, they may be said to die a hundred years old. And as for old men, it is promised that they shall fill their days with wisdom and righteousness, which they shall still bring forth in old age. An old man who is wise, and good, and useful, may truly be said to have filled his days. Old men who have their hearts on the world, never fill their days, they have enough of this world, but would still

live longer in it. But (2.) Unbelievers shall be unsatisfied and unhappy in life, though it be ever so long. The sinner, though he live to be a hundred years old, shall be accursed; his living so long shall be no token to him of the divine favour and blessing, nor any shelter from the divine wrath and curse; his long life is but a long reprieve, nay, a curse, for the longer he lives, the more wrath he treasures up, and the more sins he will have to answer for. So that the matter is not great whether our lives on earth be long or short, but whether we live the lives of saints or sinners."

"The child shall die a hundred years old." That person has lived to a good age who has accomplished life's great end. What we have to say in these few pages will be with reference to this in-

terpretation of this passage of Scripture, and with this understanding of it the declaration that "the child shall die a hundred years old," may be true now as well as in future years; for now, and years ago, as well as in very ancient times, when "the child Samuel grew before the Lord," and when Jeremiah was a child, (who was sanctified even before his birth,) and later, when the children in the temple cried Hosanna, the mysteries of the kingdom of God may be revealed to babes. As yet, however, it has been to but few comparatively that this blessing has been given; but in the "latter days" it shall be much more general; for (as saith the Lord by the prophet Joel) "It shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall

prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions: and upon the servants and upon the handmaids in those days will I pour out my Spirit." Joel ii. 28, 29.

That person, we said, has lived to a good age who has accomplished life's great end. Let us inquire in what it is that life consists. Is it the mere succession of minutes, of days, and of years? Then the animals are as much blest as human beings; or even the ancient oaks, the aged cedars, the hoary rocks have as much, nay, more cause for gratitude than man; the toad which might be housed in the heart of a tree, or imbedded in the solid rock for ages, would have more bliss than the human species; the oyster shut up in its shell would be more to be envied than man; for it lives, and grows, and

passes time away, and moreover, is shut in from the world, and knows nothing of the turmoil and strife which vex the nations, and cause distress in families.

Does life consist in sleeping and dreaming, in waking and yawning, in eating and drinking? Then that creature which does the most in this respect may be said to have the longest life; the person that is least occupied, and the fullest fed, would be accounted the happiest. But even here the petted pigs in the Buddhist Monasteries, which are kept fed to the full, and are allowed to enjoy their ease and abundance till they expire of old age, or are choked in their own fat; even here, we say, the swine has the preference.

Does life consist in the abundance of things which a man may possess?

Then the half savage boer of Southern Africa, who has all the lands he can make use of, and more cattle perhaps than he is able to number, is more to be envied than any person in these enlightened lands.

Do those live to the best purpose who are able to dress most richly, and to appear abroad in splendid equipage? The feathers of the peacock are gayer than theirs, and he spreads them more gracefully, nor are they borrowed beauties. Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed in half the beauty which is worn by the lilies of the field.

Does he make the most of life who gains the highest post of honour and authority in the kingdom where he belongs? The wild chieftain, the sovereign of his people, hung over with scalp locks, bedizened with flashy orna-

ments, and wearing beads and bells, has as much of this kind of satisfaction as the emperor of France.

No—none of these can be said to live. But they may be said to live, whose life has answered life's great end.

Ah,—says one who takes only a partial and *earthly* view of things—I see now wherein consists the secret of living to a good purpose: I see that spending one's days with any selfish end in view is not to live to a good account; for the drunkard and the glutton—what are they better than the swine? The fop, the people of fashion—what better are they than the butterfly? They are useless in society, and have no enjoyment in themselves, but that which is of the shallowest kind. I see that all those who live merely for

themselves, enlarging their domains, hoarding up gold and silver, increasing their storehouses and barns, merely that they may consume these things upon themselves, and have the gratification of beholding these treasures with their eyes, may justly be accounted fools. All these are fools, for they labour for the meat which perisheth; when they perish, all their good perishes with them; they leave no monument to perpetuate their memories, no record of good done, no worthy deeds to live after them, no bright example to stimulate others. They lived only for self, and though they had lived "a thousand years twice told, yet would they have seen no good;" they are like those who have to leave their riches in the midst of their days, and at their end are pronounced fools. Thus I see,

he says, that living with any of these selfish ends is not living; but I will be a philanthropist, a public benefactor; in one department or another I will be doing something which shall redound to the general good. I will exert an influence which shall be felt for the benefit of the human kind. In the department of science, or of the arts, or of jurisprudence, or of political economy, I will be doing something by which the condition of society shall be advanced, and the world shall be the better for my having lived in it. Or, if I can only act my part as a good teacher of youth, a good member of society, a good citizen, a good neighbour, helping those that need help, even then life will not be in vain, I shall have lived to some good purpose.

Yes, we answer, this is well; and,

if there is no existence after death, this is enough. It is indeed well, to do all in our power to benefit the world —to elevate the character and condition of the people that live in it; and, if this world were to endure for ever, it would be sufficient to have our names inscribed upon it as its benefactors; and it would be all the work that could be required of us to labour for the physical comfort and intellectual improvement of its inhabitants. If there was no future existence for us, it would be all that wisdom demands, to act well our part here, simply with reference to our relation to our fellow men.

But—consider a moment. Who is the wise man? He that spends his time and means in repairing and painting the little shed, which was only designed for temporary use, till a more

commodious and durable habitation might be provided; or he that aims merely to keep the temporary lodging comfortable, and expends his energies and care mainly in completing and furnishing the house which is designed for a permanent dwelling? Would he be a wise man who should labour only to adorn the scaffolding, losing sight altogether of the noble structure which is designed to stand for centuries, while the scaffolding is to be torn down as soon as the building is completed?

Well; this body is only a clay tenement, a transient lodging to house the soul while it may be fitting for that building of God, that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens; this world, all these heavens and this earth are soon to be torn down, and in their stead will be the new heavens

and the new earth. Who then would be careful and troubled only about those things which relate merely to the body? Who would labour just for that wealth or that honour which can be enjoyed only for so long a time as his natural life may last? Or who would study, and plan, and plead, and toil only upon those schemes which may benefit this world, and this world alone? Who, in fine, would labour only for the meat which perisheth, to the neglect of that which endureth unto *everlasting life?* Who would build with wood, hay, and stubble which shall be burned up, rather than with the gold, silver, and precious stones which the fire will only try, and make more perfect? Any mere earthly good is the meat which perisheth, and he is the fool who labours merely for it, to the ne-

glect of that which shall endure for ever.

He that wishes his name to be had in everlasting remembrance, must have it recorded in a safer place than anywhere in this world, which is to be burned up. He that wishes his work to endure, will build for eternity—will labour on the living temple—will prepare pillars for the temple of God—will train souls for immortality.

The person who spends his money for that which is not bread, and his labour for that which satisfieth not, acts as a fool would act. He who gathers straws while he might be gathering gold and silver, and he who sleeps in seed time with a prospect of begging in harvest, may well be reckoned a fool; and still is he a fool though he continue upon the earth a hundred

years—yea, if he persists in such folly though he live a thousand years twice told, yet hath he seen no good; yea, and he dies accursed.

"The sinner being a hundred years old shall be accursed." The sinner, though he be a hundred years old, has not yet begun to live; his days have been spent in vain; he has been labouring for the meat that perisheth; he has spent all his hundred years in rearing a house whose foundations are in the sand, and which will be swept away whenever the floods arise, and the winds blow and beat upon it.

The sinner is accursed; if he continues till fifty years of age, he is accursed; or till a hundred years, still is he accursed; or, though he live to a thousand, or to a thousand years twice told, the curse still rests upon him; still

hath he seen no good; and had he died in youth, his case would have been as good as though he had lived to a hundred, or to a thousand; had he died in infancy, it had been as well; nay, if his soul is not filled with good, live he ever so long, an untimely birth is better than he.

"The sinner though he be a hundred years old shall be accursed;" though he possess mines of wealth, yet the curse of God is on him; and if he dies accursed, that curse shall abide on him for ever, nor could all his wealth procure for him one drop of water; while the poorest saint—poorest in things of this world—shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven.

Though he be learned, though he be renowned as the most eminent scholar

of the age, yet, if he has not the heavenly wisdom, he is accursed; and with the curse of God resting on him, of what avail are all his marvellous acquirements?

How dieth such a wise man? As a fool. He has gone in search of all knowledge, but has neglected that which sanctifies and blesses every good attainment, which will adorn every natural gift, and which should be a stimulus to the advance in human lore. He has spent his years in study, and climbed almost to the dome of the temple of science, to be in the end pronounced a fool.

Though he be loaded with honours, yet is the sinner accursed. Think of the famous statesman who by his giant intellect, by his thorough acquaintance with history, his perfect understanding

of political economy, his intimate acquaintance with the condition of his country and its relation to other countries, by his knowledge of human nature, his wisdom, accurate forecast, his stern integrity, and persuasive eloquence, is able to control and guide the public mind; who, in fine, is one of the strong pillars of the state, and has supported her in many trying circumstances; yet he lacks the one thing needful—he has never sat at the feet of Jesus to learn of him—he is one of the wise and prudent from whom are hid the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven which may be revealed unto babes; he has not been willing to become a fool that he might be wise; with all his philosophy, shrewdness, and forecast, he has never studied seriously the problem, "What shall it pro-

fit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul, or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" His time is drawing to its close; God has long been waiting upon him, but he will wait no longer; death's messenger is at the door; he sees that his time to die has come, that he too must go the way of all the earth. He has no eloquence by which to persuade away the king of terrors, but with tumultuous thoughts, with powerless limbs, and a tongue that no more will do its master's bidding, he yields to the necessity, and with a deep drawn sigh—a sigh and complaint which throughout eternity he will utter with ever increasing intensity of bitterness—he groans out, "Oh! how have I hated instruction, and my heart despised reproof! Oh, that I had considered my ways to be wise! Oh, that

I had known, and attended to the things which belonged to my peace, but now, alas! now they are hid from my eyes! and now the harvest is past, and the summer is ended, and my soul is not saved." How dieth such a wise man? Even as a fool; and with all his rare attainments, his noble intellect, his pleasant manners, and kind heart, yea, even though he were a president or a king, he will be numbered with the wicked; his soul will be gathered with the sinners; he will lie as low in the grave as they, and sink as deep in the pit of destruction as they; and as God casts him off, and the grave and the bottomless pit receive him, "hell from beneath will be moved to meet him at his coming, and will say, Art thou also become weak as we? Art thou become like unto us? Thy pomp is brought

down to the grave, and the noise of thy viols; the worm is spread under thee, and the worms cover thee."

Thus the sinner, though he be a hundred years old, is still accursed; and, though he live a thousand years, or a thousand years twice told, yet hath he seen no good.

But while the aged sinner will thus find that he has laboured for the wind, and that his days have been spent in vanity, the child may die, as it were, a hundred years old. Though he be a child, he may have accomplished the great end of life; though a child, he may have learned what is the chief end of man, even "*to glorify God, and to enjoy him for ever;*" he may have begun to live in the service and for the glory of God, and by beginning to glorify him here, have become prepared

to glorify and to enjoy him for ever. He may be a child in years, but a man in spiritual attainments; for that which is hid from many of the wise and prudent may be revealed unto babes; the Spirit can take of the things of Christ and show them unto him; so that he shall grow very rapidly in all christian graces, in heavenly wisdom, and spiritual understanding, and thus he may very soon come on to "a perfect man —to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

Jesus is our great prophet; he must teach us, and we must be his disciples, and sit at his feet and learn. He gave the law, and ever is he with his people revealing to them, by his word and Spirit, the will of God for their salvation. He takes delight in the children; he takes them in his arms, saying, "Suffer the lit-

tle children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." He lays his hands on them, and blesses them. He gathers the lambs in his arms, and carries them in his bosom.

Whether we be old or young, whatever we learn of spiritual things must be conveyed to our understanding and hearts by the Holy Spirit. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned;" therefore our minds must be enlightened in the knowledge of Christ, and we must be both persuaded and enabled to embrace him as he is offered to us in the gospel. By nature the understanding is darkened; Satan also blinds the minds of them

which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them. But when he who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, shines into their hearts, he gives them the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. He makes it light where it was darkness before; and he can give any amount of light, and as he pleases. He can open the heart at once to receive the truth, or he may permit that opening of the heart and apprehension of the truth to be gradual and slow. He may permit the light to creep in by feeble and scattered rays, or he can pour floods of light at once into the previously darkened mind.

Thus it is that some Christians seem to advance very slowly in the school

of Christ, while others press on with amazing rapidity; so that some who have long been the professed followers of Christ are apparently but beginning to understand the Scriptures —but beginning to comprehend the mysteries of godliness; while, on the other hand, some youthful disciples appear to be learning the deep things of God. They arrive at the meaning of the Scriptures without difficulty; as they read, it seems to be all unfolded to them, they apprehend its scope, and perceive its beauty and application with a remarkable clearness.

Ordinarily, proficiency in theological science is attained by application, by close and continued study accompanied with prayer; accompanied with prayer, we repeat, for only by the assistance of the Holy Spirit can we advance in

this knowledge; and the Spirit's influences we may expect in answer to prayer; so that he who studies the Scriptures prayerfully may hope to be led into the truth, to have his understanding opened, the sacred page illumined. As he reads, he is praying, "Lord, open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law." Thus is he sanctified by the truth; he grows in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ; he increases in the knowledge of God; he views God as he is revealed in his word, and by this contemplation of him, he is changed into the same image, from glory to glory.

But, on the other hand, those who read the word of God without the necessary diligence, preparation, and prayer, need not expect to advance in

the knowledge of God; the Bible will remain to them a sealed book; and though they should continue to hear and read thus prayerlessly till they might be a hundred years old, they would yet be only infants in understanding.

Ordinarily, we say, this growth in grace and knowledge is dependent upon the use of such means—the study of the word. But it may please our great Teacher sometimes to reveal himself even to babes; and we know that he is able to cause the few simple truths which may be communicated by the parent or nurse to enter the understanding and heart. We are too apt, in this matter, to limit the Almighty; and, therefore, the early instruction of children is so much neglected; the garden is left waste; but the enemy sows

his tares in it, while it might just as easily have been filled with good seed.

There is—oh! there is a place for children—there is a place even for babes in the kingdom of heaven. Then suffer the children—the little children, to be brought to Christ. By means of the ordinances bring them to Christ; in the bonds of the covenant give them away to him, and let him lay his hands on them and bless them; bring them to Christ in the arms of faith; take them with you to the place where you commune with him in secret. Bring them to an acquaintance with Christ as early and as rapidly as possible, by teaching them all the facts relative to his history and mission on the earth, and trust to Christ to manifest himself to them, to open their infant eyes that they may see him, the One altogether lovely, the

chiefest among ten thousand. Trust him to reveal himself to their young affections, so that they will love him, and become united to him. Make them early acquainted with God, and teach them to say, "Our Father which art in heaven;" and just so early God is able to send into their hearts the Spirit of adoption, teaching them indeed to cry, Abba, Father.

Let us not limit the Holy One of Israel, but trust him as one who is able to reveal himself to any soul that he has made; and, therefore, let parents labour in hope; let them sow in hope, pray in hope, and wait in hope. Let that training in the nurture and admonition of the Lord be commenced with the first budding of the intellect, and let it be persevered in; and then, should your children die at that tender age,

they may yet be more mature in the knowledge and love of God than some who are literally a hundred years old; they may have given to them clearer apprehensions of Christ, and brighter views of heaven, than is often witnessed in saints of maturer years.

Often has it been the case that advanced Christians, and experienced teachers of religion, have been astonished to hear the little children talking so fluently in the dialect of Canaan, and giving evidence of having been taught of God. Often have the children outstripped their teachers; often has it been the case that parents and teachers, with joy and admiration, confessed that the children had become their instructors—that the children possessed more clear views of some of the

doctrines than they themselves had ever before acquired.

How many children when near dying have evidently been favoured with the presence and support of Christ, with the assurance of hope, with near and clear views of heaven; so that death, usually so terrible, *especially* to children, had no terror to them, but they longed to depart and be with Christ; comfort ing their Christian friends with the assurance that in a few more days they would meet again where there is to be no parting! How many children, very little children, have met death with all the assurance expressed by Paul when, at different times, he said, "I am now ready to be offered!" "To depart and be with Christ is far better." "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a

building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." And thus the child dies, as it were, a hundred years old; yea, verily, and much farther advanced in the divine life than many in the church who have been contented with a name to live, or with just enough religion to be amongst the "scarcely saved." How many—oh! how many of those indolent disciples may see those who are but infants in years standing far above them on the heavenly hills, and mounting upward too, still higher and faster than they!

Thus the child may die a hundred years old.

Children—dear children—any of you—the youngest of you—*you* may enjoy this high honour, this unspeakable privilege; therefore choose Jesus as your teacher; sit at his feet and

learn of him, and though you may be very young, yet you may become more learned in lasting knowledge, and may lay up more of durable riches and righteousness, than the oldest man that ever lived if he had not become a friend of God. Though you die in childhood, nevertheless you may accomplish all the ends of this present life, and you will not be like the wicked who are cut off in the midst of their days; your death will not be a premature death, but you will even be like a shock of corn gathered in its season, fully ripe; your life will be as good as a life of a hundred years. Therefore, little children, come to Christ. And, therefore, parents, suffer your children to come unto him. You see that they are liable to die; they may be cut off in youth, or in childhood, or

in infancy; then bring them to Christ; point them to the Lamb of God; teach them about heaven; direct their young feet in the narrow path, and then, should their Saviour please to take them from your arms, they may be as well prepared as though they had lived for a hundred years upon the earth.

Oh, parents, be not faithless, but believing. Suffer little children to come unto Christ, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

The child shall die a hundred years old. Even now there are frequent cases of this kind occurring; but by and by, when those days shall come when the Spirit of grace and supplication shall be poured out more copiously, and when the hearts of the fathers shall be turned to their children immeasurably more than now, "in those days God will

pour out his Spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy." Then may that Scripture be literally fulfilled which says, "And all thy children shall be taught of God; and great shall be the peace of thy children."

Let the children be taught to cry "Hosanna—Hosanna to the son of David."

Oh, our dear Saviour, we pray thee, lay thy hands on the children, and bless them. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou wilt ordain strength—thou wilt perfect praise.

GEORGE M.

The facts here stated were mostly recorded several years ago, some of them by George's teacher, some by his mother; and some of them have been gathered from those who were familiar with the child, and can never forget him as a good boy at home, a diligent pupil in school, an interested listener in church, an ardent lover of the Sabbath-school, a patient sufferer in sickness, and an advanced Christian though young in years.

George was born in Kentucky in 1833. His parents were members of the Church, and his father for many years has been a ruling elder, and one who seemed to understand the duties of

his station, and to be tremblingly alive to the responsibilities of it.

George, like his brothers and sisters, was baptized in infancy; and that they were trained up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, that the parents endeavoured to be faithful to their covenant vows, we have evidence in the orderly conduct of the children at home and abroad, and in the fact that most of those children are, as we are informed, now hoping in Christ, and some of them very early in life gave evidence of loving the Saviour.

When George was two years old, the family removed to Missouri. They prized religious and educational privileges, and though, following the guidance of Providence, they have changed their residence twice since, they have always endeavoured to select their homes

within convenient distance of church and school.

The teacher, of whom we have spoken, was a gentleman of learning, and a rigid disciplinarian. He expected his pupils to march straight along through their studies, and to be punctual to the very second in the performance of every exercise. It was a private school, five miles from a pretty town on the Missouri river; a little off from the public road, with woods on one side, and fields and orchards on the other. George's parents resided on the public road, half a mile or more from the school-house.

The teacher became attached to his pupil, and the pupil reverenced his teacher, and loved his school and his books; no trifling excuse was ever sought for staying away; and his punc-

tuality and application were rewarded with a rapid advance in learning. He studied at home, as well as at school; and yet he was not afraid of work; there was a garden to be tended, stock to be fed, cattle on the prairie to be hunted up and driven in; and boys usually delight to assist in the pleasant and health-inspiring occupations which are afforded about a farm, both in summer and in winter.

NO BAD WORDS.

George's teacher has left a pleasing testimonial respecting him. He says that during all the time he was acquainted with him in and about the school, at his father's house, and mingling with other boys in play, he never heard from him one of those naughty

words which too many children and young people get into a habit of using.

While speaking of this, we are impressed with the thought of the great advantage such a boy possesses over others when he has grown up. The use of bad words becomes a habit, and a habit which is not easy to be broken; an entirely useless habit it is, and very foolish and vulgar; and, moreover, very wicked; yes, and dangerous too, for, for every idle word that men shall speak, they must give account in the day of judgment.

HE LOVED THE BIBLE.

His preceptor speaks in animated terms of the fondness which his pupil manifested for the place of public worship, for the Sabbath-school, and for the study of the Scriptures. The lad

was always anxious to be at church on the Sabbath, and whenever there was a religious service on a week day; and while in the house of God he was serious and attentive, and remembered much of what he heard; and upon returning home he would find the text, and read the whole passage or chapter in which it was found; and if it was a part of some parable, or prophecy, or history, he wanted to read all that was connected with it.

He was a lover of his Sabbath-school, and his lesson was well studied—a portion of Scripture *learned by heart.*

What a rich treasure, safely laid up for use in future years, have those who have much of the Scriptures securely stored in the memory! It will be a fund from which they may draw in seasons of sickness, or when awake

upon their beds at night; or should they lose their sight. It will be of incalculable service in after years when they wish a "Thus saith the Lord," for whatever they are about to do, and when they wish to comfort their own souls, or confirm a wavering faith, or to stop the mouth of the caviller and scoffer. It will be to them instead of eyes and ears in those days (if they live so long) when "those that look out of the windows shall be darkened, and the doors shall be shut in the street," for in old age what was learned in early youth is apt to come fresh to the mind, while that which was more recently learned has passed from the memory. Therefore, children, we counsel you to store up in the memory as much of the Scriptures as you possibly can; for what is treasured in the mind and heart the

thieves cannot steal, nor the "Bible-burners" destroy; and, furthermore, it will be of service to restrain you from sinful ways, and to guide your feet in the pleasant paths of righteousness and peace; and the truth you learn, which is the word of life, may be employed by the Holy Spirit as a means of leading you to Christ and guiding you safe to heaven.

George's home was five miles from the town, but many was the Sabbath morning that he walked that distance, going on in advance of the wagon which brought the family, so that he might be present at the very opening of the school, and enjoy all its benefits. And in order to be in season it was necessary that he should rise early, and attend to the little jobs of work which belonged to him to do, and then

prepare for church. Some there are who indulge in sleep more on the morning of the Sabbath than on other mornings, and consequently are late to Sabbath-school or church, losing much themselves, and annoying others by their late attendance.

Besides committing to memory his Sabbath-school lessons, he every day read portions of the word of God; and by his much reading, and by the many questions which he asked about the subject on which he had been reading, he became quite familiar with Bible history. He could tell about Abraham, about Isaac and about Jacob; the names of Jacob's sons, the history of Joseph. He could tell you of Saul and David and Solomon, of Daniel, and all the prophets. He did not weary in these Bible readings, for his parents studied to

make them interesting to him, and gave time to explain and illustrate what otherwise would have been obscure.

But the history of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, as it is recorded in the New Testament, was peculiarly interesting to him. The scene in Bethlehem where the child Jesus was born; his parents fleeing with him into Egypt, to save his life; the scene at Jerusalem, when at twelve years of age he reasoned with the doctors; then the record of his discourses, and conversations, and parables; the account of his miracles; his pity for the sick, and the lame, and the sorrowing; how he was hated, persecuted, and finally betrayed; all these are deeply interesting to a child—no other narratives will so rivet a child's attention, and take hold of his feelings. He read, and again, and

again, and again did he read, and hear read, the account of the last supper, what he suffered in the garden, how the band of men came by night to take him; then how he was insulted during the trial by the chief priests and the people, by Herod and the soldiers; how he was led away to be crucified, and all that occurred at the crucifixion; the account of the resurrection, and his ascension into heaven.

He loved to read and to talk about Jesus taking the children in his arms and blessing them; and about his being the good Shepherd who takes the lambs in his arms and carries them in his bosom.

Such familiarity with the Scriptures is a great source of enjoyment to any person. There is a charm in the Bible narratives which no other book

possesses; and besides, there is a profit attending the reading of the word of God which does not accompany the reading of any other book. All Scripture is given by inspiration, and is profitable; it is the word of life, and God can make it the means of salvation to those who read it. Children who are familiar with the Scriptures are much more likely to become savingly acquainted with Christ than those who do not read it, or who are not taught it by their parents or teachers. Before the child can be taught to read, its mind can be stored with truth. Bible narratives can be related to him just as easily as unprofitable and foolish stories; and whatever truth is fixed in the mind is so much good done—so much good seed sown, which may yet spring up and bear

fruit; and the probability is greater that such children will be made, and early be made, the subjects of renewing grace.

HE WAS OBEDIENT AND GENTLE.

It was remarked of George that he was a dutiful child, endeavouring to please his parents, and happy when he could contribute to their happiness. He was kind and affectionate towards brothers and sisters and playmates; never rough and overbearing; and because he loved others, and treated them kindly, they loved him. He had none of those sly tricks which some children seem to delight in; he was never caught playing games upon people, nor teasing dumb brutes, nor robbing birds of their eggs or their young; and when he saw other chil-

dren thus cruelly engaged, it distressed him. George loved to play, but he had no relish for sport which might cause pain to any living creature.

AN INJURY.

When George was between eight and nine years old, he was one day about amongst the horses; and going too near a colt it kicked him violently in the forehead. A little more force in that kick, and it would have killed him at once; but God saw best to continue him a few months longer here, that he might be a comfort to his parents, that he might ripen for heaven, and that he might be a means of good to all who should witness his patience in suffering, his joyful trust in God, and calmness in the prospect of death. No one was with him when it occurred, but he

was able after a while to get up and make his way towards the house; the wound gaping frightfully, and the blood streaming down his face, and over his clothes. Then what a scene of confusion! the mother alarmed and faint, running first for this thing, and then for that; then calling the old black woman from the kitchen to help, and to tell what ought to be done. Then the little brother, four years old, who had been convulsed with crying at seeing George in so sad a plight, was seen to brush away his tears, and smiling, as when a bright thought sparkles in a child's mind, he looked up into the distressed face of his mother, and with a peculiar emphasis said, "Why ma! why don't you call the God down, and he will put some dirt in it, and then it will get well?" You understand

what he meant. He had been taught that God at first made man out of the dust of the ground, and he supposed that when the body had been injured in any way it must be repaired by the same Agent as made man at first and with the same material. And he was right too, in part—yes, almost entirely correct; for God alone can preserve the creatures he has made; God alone can heal our bruises and broken bones, and we ought to "call him down" to help; that is, we ought to pray to him who alone "healeth all our diseases, and redeemeth our life from destruction." And still further, he was right in supposing that dirt must be put in; but it must be the dirt or some of the extracts from the soil after they have been converted into those substances which form the blood, and then the

various portions of the body; for the body is nourished, and its injuries repaired by the fruits of the earth which grow out of the ground; so that in fact, like the first man, we are all made of the dust of the ground, and shall again go back to the earth out of which we were taken.

The wound in George's forehead was dressed, and in about a week it was healed, and apparently as sound as ever, to the surprise and joy of all. Apparently and externally all was well, but internally there had been an injury not yet repaired; but no one suspected it till some months afterwards; meantime he applied himself to study with his wonted eagerness and zest.

THE TEMPEST.

Sometime subsequent to the inci-

dents above related, on an afternoon when his father was absent from home and was not expected to return at night, George was amusing himself in the shop which stood in a corner of the large door yard, when suddenly the sky was overspread with clouds, and a fearful storm came on, with fierce lightning and crashing thunder, and a wind which shook the buildings and twisted the trees about. Alone in the shop, he was greatly alarmed and feared to remain where he was, and he feared also as much to venture out into the howling storm; but at length the wind lulled for a few seconds, and he ran with all his might to the house, and found his mother, and nestled close by her side, and told her how much he was afraid; and added, that he wished his father was there to pray for them.

His mother said he should pray for himself, but he answered that he could not; and begged her to pray with him which she did.

Then he took his Bible, and sat down and read it for some time; indeed he continued reading his Bible and conversing with his mother till his usual bed time; and then, though the storm was still raging, he turned to her and said, "I am not afraid now, mother; I know that God is able to take care of me, and I believe he will:" and so he went to bed, and soon fell asleep, just as on any other night. It was remarked that always after that, George was careful not to go to bed before the hour for family worship; and if there was company present, or if from any other cause the service was likely to be lelayed, he would get his Bible and

hymn book and take them to his father. When none but the family were present, he frequently had many questions to ask about the passage that had been read.

George still kept at school; but after the wound on the forehead he was troubled with a head-ache, which gradually increased and interfered with his comfort in study. Any violent movement, and even walking over the stones in the lane which led to the school-house seemed to jar his head, and cause pain.

Occasionally he complained a little, but would immediately check himself, as though he feared it might be murmuring at God's dealings with him. Study now became painful, yet he could not consent to stay away from school.

HOW HE TREATED FICTION.

About this time, by some means, that strange book, the Arabian Nights, fell in his way ; he looked into it, then read some, then read more, and read on till nearly half through the book; when one day his mother, noticing what he had, said with much surprise, "Why, George, why are you spending your time upon such a thing as that ? Do you know that there is no truth in it ? What good can it do you then ?" George was greatly surprised to hear such an announcement, for it was the first time he had heard, or perhaps even conceived of a book being made which was not a record of facts, and he asked, "Why then was it written, if it is not true ?" And she explained that there are people in the world who amuse themselves

and others by telling idle tales, and sometimes such stories are printed; and there were, she was sorry to say, a great many people foolish enough to spend their time in reading them; but she thought our days were too few, and our time too valuable to waste in that way. George immediately cast the book aside, and never afterwards could he be induced to look into it, nor to talk about it; and whatever after this was put into his hands he wished first to know whether it was the real truth.

And, sure enough! what is the use of reading fiction? What we want is the wheat, not the chaff—truth, not romance. Time is precious, and we shall be held accountable for the use we make of it; then how sad a reckon-

ing will there be for those whose time is wasted over foolish stories!

SICKNESS.

Nearly six months after the injury of which we have spoken, the pain in the head increased, and became so distressing that George was compelled to stay at home. During the first day of his confinement to the house, he exhibited considerable uneasiness; but the occasion of it seemed to be because he feared that he would be falling behind his classes, and lest perhaps he might also lose the favourable regard of his teacher. He still kept his books near him, and during the first day that he was confined to bed he talked much about his studies; said he had sometimes been provoked when things did not go to please him, and sometimes

he had felt angry, but now it seemed to him that he never could get angry again. His teacher had sometimes kept him in after the school was dismissed, and for that he should rather be thankful than displeased; for he knew it was only for his own good he had done it.

After the first day George dismissed all talk and thought about school and school-books, and seemed inclined to think and converse only about those matters which relate to the future world.

The physicians who were called, at once decided that he was afflicted with no common head-ache, but with a disease of the brain. They advised perfect rest, and freedom from all exciting subjects; and they were looking for him very soon to become delirious.

But, to the surprise of all, he retained his reason to the last; and it did not appear to injure him to converse, but it afforded him great pleasure, for all his conversation was of a religious nature; and, doubtless, this was a benefit to him, even as respected his bodily comfort, for while his mind was employed on those subjects in which he so much delighted, he would in a measure forget his physical pains.

The physicians, finding him always employed upon what unconverted people are accustomed to regard as the most exciting and painful of all subjects, viz: religion, advised that his mind be diverted from it, by some light reading; therefore the father procured a book which he thought might answer the doctor's prescription, and began reading it to the patient. But he had

proceeded only a little way when the child said, "O father, I do not enjoy that at all; please put that book away, and get the Bible, and read it to me."

The next time the doctor called he picked up the book, and seemed much interested in it; and George asked him if he would rather read in that than the Bible. He also requested the doctor to pray with him; but he declined.

Then he fell into conversation with his physician on the subject of religion; urging him to become a Christian, that so he might be more happy, be prepared to die, and be able to do good to the souls as well as the bodies of his patients.

HE WITNESSED A GOOD CONFESSION.

Says his mother, he always appeared

restless when any vain conversation was introduced, and she asked him, if he disliked to hear talking. He said, "I dislike to hear *that kind* of talking."

When any pious person came to see him, the first thing he asked was, that they would pray with him; not that he was alarmed, and feared he might be lost; for from his first sickness he had no trouble in this respect; he was always during his sickness calm, and happy in view of death; he desired to pray, and to join with others in prayer, because in it he had communion with God his Father in heaven.

When one asked, "George, do you love the Saviour?" he answered, "I hope I do—yes, O yes, I *know* I do." On this subject he did not at any time express anxiety, but was entirely com-

posed, seeming to have that hope which is an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil. He believed that Christ could save the chief of sinners, and that he would not cast off any that trusted in him, and he believed, he knew, that he did trust in him. He would sometimes converse with his parents about their pious relatives, and ask who of them had already, as they supposed, gone to heaven; like a person expecting soon to start for a distant country, and thinking over in his mind what friends and acquaintances he might meet there.

He was often engaged in singing, and begged others to sing for him. "Guide me, O thou great Jehovah," was a favourite with him; and when he had become so weak as to be unable to

speak aloud, he would whisper out, "I am weak, but thou art mighty." "Thus far the Lord hath led me on," was another hymn, often sung by him when in health; and during his sickness he frequently repeated it, for it expressed his own sense of dependence on God, his regret for past misspent time, his hope of forgiveness, the near prospect of death, and his calmness in view of going home. In the early part of his sickness, being unable to get rest, and his aching head finding no relief, he asked his mother if there were no pillows made of down; but immediately reproved himself, and said he feared he was not perfectly resigned to God's will, and willing to endure the pain with patience, and then he repeated that hymn, "Jesus can make a

dying bed, feel soft as downy pillows are."

As the family were going out to dinner one day, he beckoned his father near him; then requested that he would remain, and they could be praying while the others were gone. Sometimes he said he wished they might have a room entirely by themselves, then they would pray all the time.

Being asked why he was willing to die, he said, "Because I shall go to be with Jesus." "And why do you wish to be with Jesus?" he was asked. "Because there will be so much enjoyment there," he said.

His mother, after giving some ac count of his sufferings and his joy, says, "Oh, that I may die as that child died, and my last end be peaceful and happy as his. I feel that I am not worthy to

be called his mother. I feel that it was to humble me, and to cause me henceforth to live near to Christ, and only for heaven, that I was made to witness his patience, and joy, and peaceful end, in the midst of such great bodily sufferings."

Many persons called to see and converse with George during his sickness. Members of the church, and teachers and scholars of the Sabbath-school came out to see him, and to hear him talk about his willingness to die, and his hope that Jesus would take him to one of the mansions prepared for his disciples.

He spoke faithfully and tenderly to the children, assuring them there was happiness in serving the Lord, and that he had no fear of death, that God appeared to be his friend, and that to

die was to go to be with him, and with all the good people that had died, and who were the friends of God. He urged them to study the Bible, to pray much, to break off all bad practices, and to live as though God's eye was always on them.

There were pious people who took their unbelieving friends and neighbours with them to visit this little suffering saint, that they might witness his cheerfulness in the midst of pains, and hear him talk of the love of Christ; and that they might ascertain whether or not it was religion which made him to differ from others; and whether religion was a reality, or a fable.

George, we see, had faith, strong faith; that faith "which is the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen." He

seemed far advanced in the Christian life; he appeared to be more mature in his religious experience than many who were scores of years old; and it was evident that the Holy Spirit had been teaching him.

What a blessing to be able to die so ripe for heaven! What are worlds of wealth to be compared with such fitness for heaven? And what a privilege and honour for parents to be permitted in this way to nurture the plants of righteousness—to train souls for immortal glory!

George died at the age of ten years and three months; but he had grown so fast in the divine life that he may have been said to have died as good as a hundred years old. Had he lived until this time, and still remained impenitent, his life would have been

spent in vain; and had he lived to a hundred years old, and then died in unbelief, his life would have been to him a curse rather than a blessing—better had he never been born.

George died happy—died in the arms of Jesus, we doubt not; and he is with him now, we trust—with him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me." Then, for fifteen years he has been in heaven—fifteen years following the Lamb whithersoever he goeth—fifteen years with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and all the spirits of just men made perfect—fifteen years has he been beholding the face of God, and changing into the same image, from glory to glory—for so long a time in the presence of God, where there is fulness of joy; and at his right hand, where there are plea-

sures for ever more. And those who are admitted there need go no more out.

Therefore children—all of you—come to Jesus; let him lay his hands on you, and bless you; let him prepare you for heaven, so that when you die you may go to be for ever with him, and with all the glorious hosts of saints and angels.

We sometimes hear children wishing that they were already men and women. That is a vain, as well as a foolish wish. It is vain to wish for impossibilities, and it is foolish to wish to grow old faster than God has appointed for the years to roll round; and as each day brings its own duties with it, it is wrong to desire to pass over any of those duties. And as the experience, the studies, and discipline

of childhood and youth are necessary to prepare us to act well our part in manhood, and in old age, (if we live so long,) we ought to be glad of the time afforded us for this preparation. But it is not wrong for children to wish early to become strong and mature in religious knowledge and experience; and this, you see, is attainable.

The means employed in George's case was

FAMILY RELIGION.

Early and constant instruction in divine things, "line upon line," it was. The Scriptures and the Catechism were familiar books. All the children of that family, before many years pass over their heads, are able to repeat the Shorter Catechism without prompting.

They learn much of the Bible by heart. They hear much religious conversation; and their duty to fear and serve the Lord is kept before them.

"*Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.*"

GEORGE D.

THE first time we met was at the grave of his father, which was in a retired and lovely spot, under the shade of the linden trees.

It was on a bright spring morning, and the mother with two of her fatherless sons had come out to trim the sod, and to plant more shrubs and flowers within the iron railing which guarded the ground where slept the beloved husband and father. Our conversation ran upon such themes as the place and the occasion would naturally suggest—death, a ghastly visitor in a family which had been unacquainted with such sorrow before—the world shrouded in gloom, every object tinged

with sadness to a heart that has been bereaved—the grave a cold dark bed in which to lay a dear friend. But then again there were the words of inspired truth to comfort the heart bowed down in grief: "Those that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord;" and those hope-inspiring, grief-dispelling words of Him who had comfort for the sisters of Bethany, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth, and believeth in me, never shall die." Yea, he shall never die. His dust may sleep for awhile, but it sleeps in Jesus, and will be made to awake again in the morning of the resurrection; while the soul lives on, never

dying; lives on in that life which is hid with Christ in God.

George was the youngest of four boys, and when the father was taken away, he was not yet old enough to understand how great a loss he had sustained. As was natural, the mother's heart became more closely entwined about the treasures that were left to her, and as much as possible she kept them near home; the youngest especially was almost always with her. The older brothers must be some of the time away at their schools, or studying a profession; but George's teacher was his own mother, and he learned rapidly. His manners and conversation were those of a gentleman; he was, indeed, "a little man," as his fond parent sometimes spake of him. He did not play with rough boys in the streets, yet he

was not ignorant of the world; he was allowed to play with good boys, and was taught to be select in choosing his companions; he felt it no hardship that he was required to consult his mother in this matter.

During the long days when the older brothers were at school, or at the office, George remained with his mother, to cheer and enliven the hours. They read together, and then conversed about that of which they had been reading. The pupil generally had questions to ask, and his teacher was well qualified to impart all necessary information; and it was her delight to do it. The Bible lesson was not omitted. For recreation he could run to the garden and yard, where he never was in want of sources of amusement; and frequently he would ask if he might go

and read to the servants. Then taking the Bible, and sometimes some other book or paper in which he had been interested, he would skip away to the kitchen, so happy to think that thus he was already beginning to do good. So with great animation he would read; now and then stopping to explain some obscure passage, just as the Sabbath-school teacher, or his mother, had explained it to him. Then they would sing; George reading, and "lining" the hymns. Some of them were pious people; and they all loved little George very much, and wished no greater treat than to have him visit and read to them.

George was fond of the Sabbath-school; and during the time of the public service in church he appeared very attentive; he had none of those rude

and irreverent ways, which we sometimes see; such as gazing about, whispering, or turning over the leaves of books.

During the last summer of his life, he accompanied his mother on a visit to Washington, and to friends in Virginia. He sent home little notices to his brothers of things seen and heard; and after his return he would open his budget of reminiscences and relate some nice anecdote, or incident of the journey; for though but a little boy, he had not travelled with his eyes and ears shut, but had been greatly interested in the many strange things that a boy would notice in travelling by water and by land from the far west to the east, and back again.

The speech of our little friend was as correct as his dress was neat, and

his carriage trim; and we would have been as much surprised and shocked at a naughty word coming from his mouth, as you would be to hear your Sabbath-school teacher, or your parents use wicked words.

Time was gliding along, the days passing pleasantly and profitably. The older sons advancing towards manhood, in their conduct unexceptionable, and having before them a prospect of becoming honourable and useful men; the mother and youngest son still companions for each other through the day. During the long winter evenings the company was enlarged and the scene enlivened by the return of her "good boys," as the *good* mother loved to call them, as indeed they were. They were good boys. Though living in a city, they thought more of making

their widowed parent happy, than of seeking entertainment for themselves at the places where thoughtless youth assemble: they found her pleasant parlor, and instructive conversation, and well selected books, more attractive than gilded saloons, or any of the company to be found in the shops, or on the corners of the streets.

Thus pleasantly and profitably was the winter passing; the contents of one book after another were stored in the memory; anon the hours were enlivened with some passages of personal experience; now, some of the incidents of the day, and again, a little planning for the future. And the father was not forgotten; he had long been sleeping under the linden trees, but he was not long out of the minds of that stricken family, who, in memory and

undying affection, still pressed him to their hearts. Every room had its mementoes of the husband and father. Often was it said, "Well, my son, if your precious father was living, what would be his wish concerning this or that?"

But this happy family, always happy yet never without a shade of sadness, was to meet with a sudden and painful shock and be shrouded in deep mourning again.

One day when the ground everywhere was covered with ice, George, having finished his lessons, asked to go out to play with his sled. And so away he flew, as happy and sprightly almost as the snow-birds; and his doating mother looked out of the window, and enjoyed his sport and glee as much as the child did himself. By and by he ran to the foot of the stairs, and called

out, "Mother, David is going by; may I ask him in to play with me?" "Yes, my dear," she answered; and immediately she heard a fearful scream, which pierced her heart like a dagger. She ran down stairs, and there was her darling lying insensible; he had slipped and struck his head violently on the pavement. The faithful negro woman, who had heard his scream, was already there, supporting his head, and trying to soothe him back to consciousness. He was removed to his bed, and a physician called. After a while he revived somewhat, and was rational when awake; but most of the time he slept. Thus he lay for two days, but could not bear to be moved at all. On Monday morning, the doctor, deeming an external application necessary, proceeded to raise him in the bed; but the

little sufferer entreated that he might not be disturbed, for the pain caused by the slightest movement was insupportable. The hold which he had retained of life was very slight—but by a single thread or two perhaps—and a rude blast of wind was sufficient to sunder them.

The kind hearted doctor laid him down again—laid him down to die. There was a struggle, and a gasp or two, and dear George was dead; the spirit was released. We placed his body within the railing beside his father, where we first saw him trimming the grass, and planting flowers.

Thus was taken a child at seven years of age who gave promise of a life of usefulness, had he been spared. But it pleased the Lord to remove him early. If fruit ripens early, why

should we murmur if it be early gathered?

"He who lives well lives long."

Children, you see, from this and many other instances of sudden death, the importance of being always ready —ready to die.

That fall and injury was instantaneous, and when death was apparently no nearer to him than to all the other boys in the city; and after that injury he was not in a state to converse, or to hear conversation. It was not a place to make preparation for death; that preparation must needs be made before such a sick bed as that.

Then, "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found; call ye upon him while he is near."

THE SINNER A HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

SEVERAL years ago, when a student at college, I obtained leave of absence from Saturday noon till Monday morning. It was a charming summer afternoon; and the walk of several miles was enjoyed as much as I anticipated or desired. Alone and giving the reins to thought, now attracted by the notes of the birds, now by the murmuring of the brooks, now halting to enjoy a new feature in the scenery, thus I walked along, sometimes crossing and never far off from a stream along which the Indians had formerly fished and hunted.

The whole valley had once been theirs, but at that time hardly one of that

tribe of Brothertown Indians remained; for the game had fled to the woods, and the fish were frightened away into the deeper, and more solitary waters; the forest had been shorn off, like the grass from the meadows, and farm houses and barns were scattered over the valley instead of the birch-bark hut of the deer-skin-clad hunter.

By and by the path by the road side was crossed by a log, and there that log lay for years, nobody offering to put it out of the way, or to appropriate it for fire wood; for that was the stick, (and they who told me were men who had the means of knowing,) it was the stick, they said, which Samson Occum, the native Indian preacher, brought in his hand all the way from the state of Connecticut, to that place in central New York. It was a log

twelve feet long, and twenty inches in diameter, perhaps.

This would seem "a *large* story," unless we further state that he cut it, then a young sapling, before he started on his pedestrian journey, and stuck it in the ground when he arrived amongst his brethren of the Brothertown tribe, and it took root and grew to a great tree, and the woodman's axe spared it; and when through old age, or by the rough winds it fell, still they let it lie.

I arrived where I expected to spend the Sabbath. It was rather a rusty looking little village, situated at a point where the valley is very narrow, the hills high and steep, and the streams all run swiftly and noisily over their stony beds. It was a village of mechanics, and on week days there was a

noise of hammers, and some stir of business; and there were idlers too.

There were a few pious families in the place, and their example was good; their light shone, they kept steadily on in their Christian course, while so many around them were living without God in the world. A large portion of the people there professed to be Universalists, and they lived as Universalists generally do, thinking that if all are to be saved at last it makes no difference how we live. And so, on Sabbath morning you see no preparations for church; the children are not made ready for the Sabbath-school. The families sleep till late on Sabbath morning; and, as we pass their houses on our way to church, they are lounging and yawning about; the men not shaved, nor any of them dressed for

the Sabbath day. As we return from church there are knots of people gathered before the doors; the boys are away fishing, and some of the young men are hunting in the woods.

A few years later when mesmerism and spiritualism was spread over the country, like a fire in the woods, the propagators of the imposture found encouragement and many dupes in this village.

On the Saturday evening that I arrived I looked over to an old brown house which was much dilapidated, and where an old woman was still living, and the lady of the house where I was visiting related some facts concerning her, which impressed me at the time and which have not been forgotten.

She was a large, strong, and determined looking woman. She lived

entirely without regard to the Sabbath as a day of holy rest; scarce ever did she go to any place of worship. She was not choice in her language, but sometimes was profane. She was unable to read, and was ignorant except in matters of gossip which she picked up amongst her neighbours.

When a girl she was giddy and thoughtless; fond of dancing, or any frolic; and knew no other object in life than to dress as gaudily as possible, and to make the most of the present hour. The children of which she became the mother were like herself, indolent and godless; bad members of society.

During the week of my visit she had come to her One Hundredth birth day, and had celebrated it by walking four miles to a neighbouring village, making

a few purchases, chatting with friends, and walking the four miles back again; and as she came into her own village she marched down through the middle of the street, stopping every now and then and dancing; calling out to the boys and girls, the young men and young women, to "beat her at it if they could."

"How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!"

She seemed not to be crazy, but only to be *acting out herself*. Just as she was when young, just as she had spent the noon and afternoon of life, so was she still, down to the very shades of evening. Now a hundred years old, and still a sinner; and being a sinner she was accursed; and very likely she died as she had lived—accursed.

Oh! how the mind recoils from such a spectacle—an old sinner! But a

profane and wicked old person,—oh, how pitiable!

The sinner being a hundred years old shall be accursed. Better to have been cut down in the morning of life than to have lived on still adding sin to sin, and treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath.

"Behold, the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head."

Therefore,

"While in the heat of youthful blood,
Remember your Creator, God;
Behold, the months come hastening on,
When you shall say, My joys are gone."

SOWING IN YOUTH TO REAP IN OLD AGE.

In some of that rough country to be found about fifty miles east of Pittsburg, Pa., lived an old revolutionary soldier. He used to boast of his great age and still unfailing strength, and to declare that he should live to be a hundred years old. He had no particular occupation, but would go about from shop to shop, and from grocery to tavern; he was at all the militia musters, and house raisings, and frolics; and always foremost in asserting his ability to stand as much liquor as the greatest veteran in the crowd. A company of boys might often be seen gathered around him, listening to his

old war stories, and hunting stories, and fighting stories; for he claimed to have been in all kinds of service; both fighting his country's battles, and also smaller battles on his own account with fists and clubs; and he gloried in never having been beaten in a fair fight. His conversation was shockingly interlarded with all manner of obscene and profane expressions; therefore he was a nuisance in society, and the very last person that boys should listen to, however attractive his stories might be.

In his boyhood and youth he had been accustomed to have his own way; and his own way, it seems, was that in which a wicked heart and unbridled lusts did lead him. His time was spent very much in hunting and wrestling, in jumping and racing, boxing and

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fighting, gambling and cockfighting; and when he became old his mind was still running on these old sports. It seems that he was always a boy, and that same worthless wicked boy—a man in stature and strength, but childish in his enjoyments. In his old age you might hear him telling over the names of the dogs which he had pitted against each other; how desperately they fought; which whipped at last; and how much money, or how many drinks were won or lost on them. He had a vivid recollection of his many cockfights; of the holes where he had trapped game; of the trees from which he had brought down the squirrels and the coons. So you see, as his parents sowed in the mellow soil of his youthful mind, and as he sowed for himself

in childhood and youth, so was he reaping in old age.

How distressing to meet with a person in extreme old age full of such foolish thoughts, having no more elevated enjoyment than such as may be found in bragging how many fights he had been engaged in, how many eyes he had gouged out, how much he had won at races and shooting matches, and how many dances he had attended. But so it is, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap; he that soweth to the flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting." How sickening to think that our human nature can sink so low, and like "dogs delight to bark and bite," and like "bears and lions growl and fight!"

Age advanced, however, and infirmities crept on; the old man, hard as he clung to life, and much as he determined if possible to live till a hundred years old, was now, by decaying energies, prevented from wandering far from home. The strong men were bowed, and the grasshopper was a burden. He sat for hours together in the chimney corner, sometimes silent, sometimes muttering to himself; and anon blurting out a military, or a rowdy's phrase, or hissing on his dogs. Reaping as he sowed! you see.

A young man, who had not seen him since those days when as a boy he had listened to his stories and coarse songs, had occasion to call at the house where he lived, and saw him sitting in the chimney corner. At first he appeared stupid, noticing nothing in par-

ticular; but as the young man approached him, his eye began to flash and stared wildly at him, and straightening himself in his easy chair, then with one hand he fiercely stripped up the sleeve of the other arm, displaying a powerful wrist, and shaking it towards him said, "Do you see that, young man? do you see that? The day was when they could no more hand-cuff me than they could hand-cuff the *Devil.*"

This showed what his thoughts were running on. He was thinking of the times of his insubordination in the army, or when arrested by the civil authorities, and they put the shackles on him, but his wrists being so much larger in proportion than his hands, he always managed to slip them off. Then he went on to speak of his strength; how he used to climb trees;

he didn't need to grasp the body of the tree; he only had to leap and seize a limb, and then to spring and throw himself from one branch to another.

And such was the conversation of an old man near five score years old, and just on the confines of eternity. If our conversation shows where our treasures are, then this poor old man had no treasures in heaven, for his conversation was only about the earth, and about the meanest things of earth. Five score years old, and still occupied with such trifles, and with wicked things moreover. He had lived close on to a hundred years and had learned how to climb trees, how to fight dogs, how to slip through handcuffs! And is this *the chief end of man?*

There was no mention of the name of God the Father, except in blas-

phemy; no calling upon him who is the sinner's Friend, except in imprecating curses on his own head or upon others; no allusion to him who is the Sanctifier, except in impious jests. How dreadful! An aged sinner, already laden with guilt and heavy woes, yet cursing his Maker, and defying him, challenging him to pour upon him the full vials of his wrath.

He had not remembered his Creator in the days of his youth, and now the evil days had come, and the years when he had still less pleasure in thinking on religious subjects.

During those long and wearisome days in the chimney corner, there was nothing to cheer him; no soothing conversation about the love of God, his goodness in times past, his faithfulness never failing; no awaking of his soul

in joyful lays, to sing his great Redeemer's praise; no praise to render for his loving-kindness so free, and great, and strong, and good, and changing not; no reason to expect that he will sing of that loving-kindness in his death, nor in the skies. There were no sweet hymns running through his mind; no passages of Scripture to study, and call back his scattering, flying thoughts; no ray of hope to cast even a glimmer of light on his path fast bending to the tomb, for it was not the path of the just which grows brighter and brighter, but the rough way which leads to hell, which grows darker and darker, while the wretched traveller's steps grow feebler. Flesh and heart fail him; friends and kindred cannot help him, and God forsakes him. The curse hangs over him, hell waits for

him; his boon companions are all there, or fast gathering in there; it is his own place.

Wretched creature! What better is he for all his ninety-nine and a half years! God gave him a century upon earth, lacking six months; but of what use was it to him? What had he learned, during all that time, that was of any benefit to him in old age? What had he done, the remembrance of which might comfort a dying man? On the other hand, all that he had learned, and all that he had done, would only add to his distress in the hour of death, and to his misery in the regions of wo.

Oh, what dreadful recollections will for ever haunt the accursed soul! Fain would he flee from them, but they will hunt, will pursue him like dogs, vipers,

demons; and will for ever prey upon him. Oh, the worm that never dies! Then, better had he died in childhood when his years were few, and his evil thoughts and evil deeds not so accumulated;—before he had so treasured up wrath against the day of wrath; before he had to such an extent sown iniquity, the rewards of which he must reap. Oh, the wages of sin!

It is dreadful to think of the evil thoughts which, during a single hour, are found passing through the mind of even the best of men. Then what shall be said of the evil thoughts *willingly* indulged, and the evil deeds *of choice* committed by the wicked and unforgiven man, whose iniquity shall be imputed to him? and these wicked thoughts and wicked deeds not the ac-

cumulation of an hour, or a day, merely, but of a

HUNDRED YEARS.

How dreadful to think of a person going to the judgment with the sins of a hundred years to appear and bear witness against him; and to be pursued by all these sins to hell; to be weighed down by them for ever; their guilt lying on the soul; the remembrance of them tormenting the spirit, and each sin crying out for its merited punishment.

Oh, children, beware of sin! beware of evil thoughts and evil deeds! the remembrance of them may vex you in old age. Let the mind, while young, be stored with that which is good; then, if you are spared to old age, there will be pleasant and profitable memo-

ries—delightful food for meditation, and conversation.

"Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to the flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting."

WAITING TWENTY-THREE YEARS TO BE CALLED HOME.

On the Monongahela river, as we have been informed, there was in early times a small Dutch settlement, and the inhabitants are spoken of as very worthy people, industrious, conscientious, and careful in the performance of all religious duties. Most of the families were in connection with a Presbyterian church, which was in the midst of their settlement. When they sought a home in the wilderness, they took their own minister with them.

They held their land by what was termed "tomahawk right." In those early days, when the Indians were numerous and hostile, the government,

to encourage western emigration, offered land to settlers on condition that they should defend it. So, the emigrant came on, looked out a tract of land that pleased him, and walked around it, marking the trees with his hatchet or tomahawk.

On his claim he built his cabin; and the lands thus encircled by the spotted trees, should be a possession for him and for his heirs for ever, provided he could, with tomahawk and rifle, defend it against the Indians.

By this means the country was settled by bold, resolute, hardy men, who guarded the frontier better and cheaper than a standing army. We have heard, however, that in after years there was unceasing and vexatious litigation growing out of those curious land titles, on account of claims over-

lapping, and lines interlacing. A woodman running his own line through the dark forests, climbing hills and crossing rivulets, would hardly lay his course as straight as if directed by the compass; nor would he be as particular about establishing his corners as a government surveyor.

Well, in that community there lived a good man, yet not remarkable for anything in particular to distinguish him from all the good inhabitants of that honest, hard-working, frugal settlement. In middle life he lost his wife, to whom he was ardently attached. She was a good woman, yet had nothing especial to render her remarkable amongst her good neighbours; but to her husband she was all the world: she had been his wife; she had been the mother of his children; with-

out her his home was desolate. He mourned like a sparrow alone on the house-top; he never forgot her; he remained a widowed man. He buried her in his orchard, under an apple tree. It is said that he made that the place to which he ever afterward retired for private devotion. Always when the weather would permit, he resorted to that spot, morning and evening, just at sunrise and at sunset, and kneeled on the ground and prayed.

Thus a widower, he lived on till he was eighty years of age; and having seen nearly all that started in life with him already gathered with the dead, and thinking there could not be much more time for him on earth, he set about putting his house in order, and making all ready to leave the world. He settled up his affairs, and retired alto-

gether from the world of business. The last work that he did in his shop was to make his own coffin. He was then a marvellously large person, but before he had need for his coffin he had shrunk and shrivelled down to a diminutive size; that same coffin, however, was preserved, and he was buried in it at last, at the age of one hundred and three.

That last twenty-three years of his life he spent almost exclusively in religious studies, and religious exercises.

We cannot approve of any persons neglecting labour, so long as their hands or minds may be employed in that which is useful; for we are always, while able, to be diligent in business, as well as fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. We may serve the Lord both

in *work*, and in *worship*. This old man, it seems, supposing that his race must be nearly run when he had already passed the three score years and ten, thought it necessary to be getting ready to die; not having sufficiently considered, probably, that the best place to meet death is at the post of duty. It is not unlikely that the old man had some peculiarities, some eccentric notions; but, however that may be, he passed the last twenty-three years of his life mostly in religious exercises, waiting and hearkening for the cry, "The bridegroom cometh, Go ye out to meet him."

The Bible was a constant companion. He read it through, and through, and through again; and could repeat large portions of it.

He conversed on religious subjects

with every person that came in his way; told them he was just waiting to go home as soon as the messenger should be sent, saying, Arise and depart.

There is reason to believe that he was very useful during those twenty-three years. Noah, during one hundred and twenty years, while he was at work upon the ark, and God held back the flood of waters from the ungodly world, was a preacher of righteousness to the people of his generation. He warned them with his lips; and the work in which he was engaged was a warning to them. Wherever Noah was seen passing about, he was a witness for the truth; even had he not spoken a word. So this man, who was standing on the banks of the river, and waiting to pass over, was in himself a

constant sermon on the subject of death; all who might see him would be reminded that they too must die. His serenity in view of death, his desire to depart and be with Christ, his enjoyment in reading the word of God and in prayer, were an evidence that there is something in religion—that God reveals himself to his people as he does not to the world.

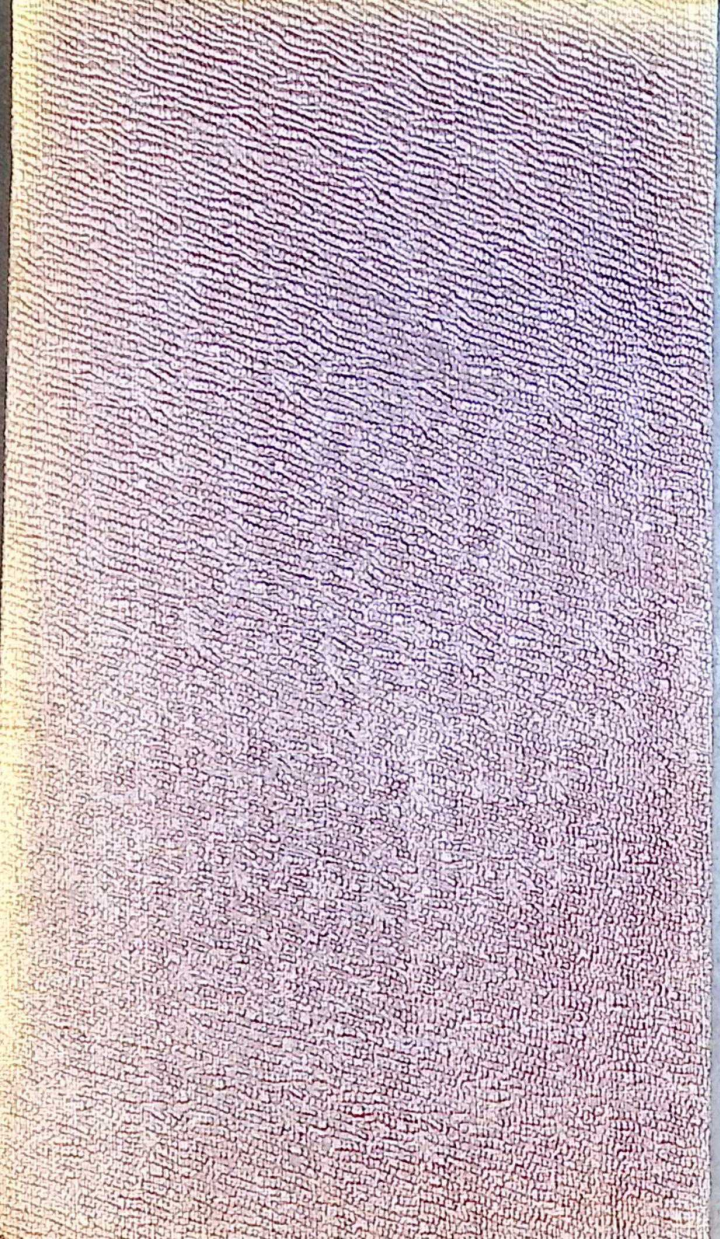
We have conversed with those who were little children when he died, and remember going often to see him while he was yet living. They will never forget how he urged them to begin early to live for God, and always be prepared to die; how he assured them of the happiness to be found in wisdom's ways. They remember how they were made to reverence and love the Bible more by witnessing his love

for it, and the happiness he found in studying it so constantly. The impression never has left them which was made by his earnest and affectionate counsels to fear the Lord, to love the Saviour, and be prepared to go to heaven. What he said came to them with authority, and with the solemnity of eternity; for they were satisfied that he was a man of God, and they regarded him as one standing on the very threshold of eternity, with this world behind him, and heaven just before him, and in sight.

That additional twenty-three years was appointed to him here on earth that he might be useful; and had he lived to the age of Methuselah he might still have been useful; glorifying God in his body and spirit which are his.

Man should be willing to wait here all the days of his appointed time, till his change come; but to wait still in the path of duty, and filling his days with holy duties and holy pleasures—still bringing forth fruit in old age.

"The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness."

"Nor love thy life nor hate; but what thou liv'st
Live well, how long or short permit to heaven."

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